

Honey, I'll Smoke You 'Til I'm Dying by thecopperkid

Series: [so good at being in trouble, so bad at being in love \[5\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Alternate Universe - College/University, Alternate Universe - Modern Setting, Blow Jobs, Choking, Come Shot, Frottage, Implied/Referenced Child Abuse, Internalized Homophobia, M/M, Snowballing

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-05-08

Updated: 2018-05-08

Packaged: 2022-04-22 04:47:43

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 8,594

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

“No fucking way,” he whispers. He tightens his grip a little, experimenting. “Princess Steve likes getting choked? You’re like a fuckin’ wet dream.”

*

This time, it's Steve who gets wasted, and in the process, he discovers he's got it bad. Like, way, *way* worse than he bargained for.

Billy's just trying to stay out of the trouble that always seems to come looking for him -- but then he's choking Steve fucking Harrington, so there's that.

Honey, I'll Smoke You 'Til I'm Dying

Author's Note:

Title is from Mac DeMarco's "Ode to Viceroy."

Steve is so fucking *drunk*.

He didn't really mean to get this way. In fact, he's very rarely *tried* to get this out of his mind, that's just the way these things happen.

It starts like a normal Friday evening. Nancy and Jonathan had gone home for the weekend to visit their families, so Steve hits up the guys from the team that he *likes*, the seniors, who *don't* pledge their allegiance to Billy Hargrove.

The local wing bar does cheap pitchers of beer on Friday nights and nearly half campus shows up at some point or another, so they don't even really have to mention where they were going -- it's already established. As the token only-member-of-the-group-under-21 (that fake ID of his rendering *useless* somewhere so close to campus), it's Smirnoff nips for Steve.

They stop at the gas station on the way there, where Adam, Tyrell and Miguel parade in to pick up the nips and their own booze for later that night. All week it's been raining, and it still sprinkles now. The roads are slick and black, making the reflections of neon signs look milky in the puddles.

Myles stays put in the passenger seat, ripping cigs through the open window, which gets the sill all speckled with fat droplets. He's kind of simpering in the rearview mirror at Steve, who'd posted himself up in the backseat of the Volvo. Steve's still buckled even though the car's turned off.

"So how long you got, man? Two more years? Shit. That's rough."

Which, Steve fucking *knows*, okay, but it's not like he has any control over his own aging. Why does everyone over 21 have this fucking pitying, world-weary attitude? He's pretty sure everyone he knows

over this age has given him the same spiel at some point or another. God knows Steve needs a fucking legal drink just to deal with how many times people say that shit.

When they first get to the restaurant and the waitress brings over the initial round of pitchers (and orange soda for Steve, like, what a *buzzkill*), he just spikes his drink with a nip really quick from behind his menu before anyone notices, so he can't get accosted by the staff.

But as the guys grow more rowdy and the room's distracted by sports broadcasts and stories flamboyantly told with fingers sticky from mango habanero sauce, Steve doesn't even have to be so discreet anymore. He just swigs right out of the little plastic bottles. He wasn't the appointed DD tonight, an act of charity from Adam, who felt sorry that Steve was always stuck with the task because of his age -- so what the fuck, right?

But the thing is, those nips go quick. He can't remember how many he's had. He can't remember how many he *started* with.

And worse still, the guys take him to a house party after they've all licked their fingers clean and tipped the waitress nice. There, Steve gets gradually more drunk on a trio of Budweisers nabbed from someone's cooler that were abandoned out on the back porch, since he's run out of vodka. No one's out there because it's too rainy out to really enjoy being outside, but Steve doesn't mind. Doesn't need his big stupid Patagonia anorak that he forgot to bring. He lets his hair get wet and deflated without hairspray, listens to the white noise of the peepers in the marsh nearby.

It's probably getting cross-faded that really seals the deal on Steve's fate. A congregation joins him out on the porch a little while later, all tittering about this or that, and he's annoyed at first -- but the second he sees that joint being passed around, he's on it like a fucking predator on prey at the watering hole. There's no way he would pass up someone else's weed. He smokes too much and ends up dizzy for it.

The guys mention heading to Fiji after, and Steve's obstinate at the thought. He feels panicked; like, of all the house parties and frats and sketchy locations he could end up at in this shithole town, of fucking

course they have to pick this one.

He realizes, though, that he can't make a big deal out of it, because that just draws more attention to himself. With that fear of being found out energizing him, he just tosses back another drink and suddenly feels like he could do anything, really.

So it shouldn't be a surprise to anyone when he shows up at Billy's house, fucking wrecked, beyond repair.

He dispatches from the other guys in search of Billy, weaving his way into the basement where the more redneck brothers are playing this drinking game that looks really dangerous, where they have to toss up a hammer in the air, chug from their Coors, catch the tool before it falls, then use it to slam a nail into this big tree stump that's in the center of the room.

Which is like, stupid. Because they're all wasted. Girls are actually cheering whenever one of them does even an okay job at not dropping the hammer on their fucking foot, and there's some awful country music blaring, it's so fucking loud, and Steve scans the room to come to the conclusion that Billy's not here.

If he was, he'd be commanding the room, all eyes on his *competitive Aries ass*. Steve's out of there before he even gets all the way down the rickety stairs.

He makes his way back up to the ground floor and realizes the party is segregated in a dichotomy of interests; there's the flannel rednecks fucking *hollering* downstairs, while the stoner brothers, in their tie-dye shirts and Vans, are vaping and doing body shots off two blonde girls in the kitchen. This pretty redhead Cloe is nearly in tears on the floor by the corner, and over Tyler the Creator, Steve can make out her wailing that lime juice is stinging her eye. This one pretentious dude Steve recognizes from his English 101 class last year, distinguishable by his creepy mustache and Obey hat, is crouching beside her, apologizing profusely under his breath.

The whole time, as he ducks and squeezes his way through the crowd amassed in Fiji, he's rehearsing. Practicing exactly what he's going to say once he finds this asshole. Because they've gone another whole

week avoiding each other, and it's so fucking dumb, and tonight he's going to fucking make it clear that whatever this was, has to end. Steve can't *take* it anymore. He's distracted, can't get anything done.

And like, Billy's been dunking on his fucking ass at practice this week, it's *embarrassing*. Steve doesn't know if this is eating at Billy like it is to him, but maybe that's why Billy's exponentially better this week, like the stress in his life only makes him *stronger*. *More talented*.

So Steve's going to say something. Tonight.

He's going to be like, *Look, you fucking jerk*.

Okay, but no one says "jerk" anymore, and this has to be *perfect*, so.

Look, you fucking douchebag. This? Is done. Don't text me. Don't call me. Don't fucking FaceTime me. I'm better than this.

He just has to say it. That's it.

Steve still hasn't found him, though. He thinks maybe he should check the shed out in the woods, because it's likely Billy's out there hunched over his blue and green bong, but he thinks he'll check the bedroom before he makes the trek all that way outside.

He gets to Billy's door at last, and it's shut. He's debating knocking when someone bumps into him and he accidentally falls against it, loud enough to stir Billy if he's actually in there. And it's like, *great*. That makes the choice for him. He's *doing* this. He *has* to knock now.

When Billy inevitably yanks open the door, Steve peeks over his shoulder to discover he's alone. The party's raging all around them, Steve even had to *fight* upstream, against the current of faces to make it to the landing, so it's like, fucking *weird* that he'd be just chilling by himself.

"Oh," Billy says, flatly. Like this is the last person he wanted knocking on his fucking door. Like he'd been hoping for someone else. Steve would be lying if he said that didn't flip his stomach.

Maybe it's Steve's uncalibrated perception, vision spinning and thoughts riddled with incoherency, but Billy doesn't *seem* drunk,

either. Or like he's on drugs.

At least, not visibly so, and usually when Billy's engaging in illicit behavior it's pretty fucking apparent, like, if he's going to do anything at all he might as well go *the whole fucking hog* and lose his grasp on himself and any ties to reality that may stand.

So seeing him angry and sullen and painfully sober? It's kind of *creepy, foreboding*. A foreshadowing to Steve getting his ass kicked.

Billy's just standing there looking fucking exhausted as he leans, shirtless, with his weight on one arm against the doorframe. All his tanned muscles bulge, particularly around his chest, where his pert flushed nipples catch Steve's eye. His hair's all piled up in a bun and his hips are so fucking sassy in snug grey sweatpants. He looks like a *modern day Hercules*. How does he get his fucking hair that volumized, like, it's *stupid*. And here Steve is, feeling like a wet dog from all the rain.

The room's a mess as usual and there's a fan running next to his bed, whirring back and forth, and like, how is this asshole *that* hot right now? It's barely 40 degrees at night, and Billy grew up all the way across the country, raised in the surf and sand.

"Can I *fucking* help you?" he asks, nasty and smug, and it reminds Steve of Max a little bit, like when Steve says something stupid around her and she just *has* to call him out for it. Poor girl probably picked up the attitude from Billy. "I don't know if you've noticed, but this is a party. People are *drinking*, and doing *drugs*. I don't want you calling fucking Hopper on us, so. Maybe you should just go."

It's obvious what he's talking about. That he's still upset from what Steve said on the phone. Steve feels bad for being surprised Billy could even recall what they'd talked about.

And it's that easy, Steve's lecture is wiped clean from his fucking mind, *tabula rasa*. He just fucking *stands* there dumbly, his head feeling like it's floating away. Can't stop ogling Billy's body, the one he's seen *hundreds* of times in the high school showers and at the campus gym.

It's like, what he said the other day doesn't mean he's the type to call the cops on a frat party, *Jesus*.

Okay, well. He *has* done that. But it was *one time* freshman year because Chad from Lambda was all *who do you know here* and wouldn't let Steve in, and Steve's nothing if he's not petty as fuck. So he called campus police with a noise complaint, Hopper showed up with his bubble top flickering, and all the underage kids fled to the woods as Steve watched deviously, concealed, from the yard nextdoor. Big deal.

Billy starts closing the door in Steve's face.

"Wait, c'mon, *Billy*, I just wanna talk," Steve says with a hand out to force his way in. His words are sliding in to one another, clumsy and thick on his tongue. He shuts the door tight behind them. Locks it to make a point. Billy visibly sighs, and the cheering from downstairs as a brother dismounts from a keg stand becomes muffled.

Not welcomed in any further, though, Steve stays with his back up against the door. Billy looks so fucking mean, so *good*. Steve can't stop himself from staring. He knows he's not going to be able to say what he needs to say with Billy looking like that.

Steve was going to end it. They were going to stop. It wouldn't have mattered to Billy, anyway, if he ended things. That cold, detached asshole, he told Steve it meant nothing. But Steve still wants this.

It's like, Steve's not a complete idiot, at least not always, he *knows* why Billy hits him up. Because Billy doesn't want to deal with all the emotions he perceives having to address if he were with a girl instead. It's this fucking myth that gender has anything to do with being able to disconnect emotionally from sex. (If this were all true, why isn't Nancy still under Steve's spell?)

To Billy, fucking Steve should be less complicated.

No strings. Come and go as he pleases. Friends with benefits.

Although, even committing to *not committing* was too much fucking *commitment* for Billy. He couldn't even let Steve have *that*.

It all sounds fun and easy and ideal, but if that's what Billy wants, Steve isn't Billy's *guy*.

He can't just separate himself from it this time, not the way he does when he's partying shitfaced at a random townie's house, in the bathroom, doggy style fucking some girl, whose face he's forgotten because he can't see it from the angle and whose name he couldn't even deduce over the booming bass from downstairs. Was it Alyssa or Alison or Ashlynn? Does it fucking matter what her name is?

It doesn't, because lately, he has to picture Billy's shining golden skin and wayward tongue and sunny blonde curls and knuckles scraped, skin purpled with bruises to get himself to even *come*, just. It doesn't fucking *matter*.

"I'm drunk," Steve offers. "I got really drunk."

Maybe he says it because it's all he can articulate, maybe because he thinks it's going to change things. Prove to Billy that he's not some prude or something. He *does* have fun.

He always has to *prove* something to him.

"Congratulations," Billy snaps. "Harrington, look. I ain't babysitting. I think you should go."

"I *need* to talk to you. I don't wanna go."

"Well, you gotta," says Billy. He walks away to his desk where his laptop is open to SoundCloud and a word document. Steve doesn't miss the pill bottles in the shadow behind his laptop. It's not lost on him. Adderall? Ugh. "I don't give a *fuck* where you go. You don't have to leave our house. But I got stuff to do."

He hits pause on some lo-fi shit à la Mac DeMarco that Steve's never heard before, and like, Mac is Steve's *God*, and Billy *knows* that, and Billy would never be caught dead doing something Steve liked doing, so. What the fuck.

He turns back around and cocks his hips, arms crossed as he props himself against the bed. Which, Steve kind of takes as an invitation, even if it wasn't one.

“On a Friday night?” Steve counters in disbelief as he approaches. He struggles to navigate the narrow path to Billy through the abandoned hoodies, Timberlands (muddier than the last time Steve saw them, like he didn’t even bother wiping them off after his weekend in the woods), a pair of boujee Adidas sneakers, all strewn across the carpet.

“‘Due midnight on Friday,’ yes, ” Billy quotes irritably, gesturing to the open document on his laptop. “It’s none of your goddamn business what I do on *any* night. It’s none of your business if I want to get some fucking homework done, or snort some fucking coke, or drink ‘til I puke my brains out, okay, none of it’s ever been *up* to you.”

He’s not going to *tell* Billy he’d been worried about those exact things. He can’t.

That didn’t go over so *stellar* last time.

“So, you got something you wanna say to me, or are you just gonna stand there? ‘Cause I got this assignment to turn in, which I put off this whole fuckin’ week, and I still have a question to finish--”

Steve’s not really listening to any of this. Can’t keep it all straight, too many details. Doesn’t know what possesses him to do this, maybe it’s that Billy’s so fucking *naked*, but suddenly he’s stepping forward, closing the distance between them.

It feels like slow motion as he reaches for the marled print fabric of Billy’s sweatpants to find that he’s half hard. Steve squeezes his dick, delighted that it responds on its own, throbbing slightly against his palm. Billy’s back goes taut and straight as he sucks in a quiet breath, surprised. Steve’s smiling all proud straight into Billy’s icy eyes, like *look what I can do to you*, but his hand is slapped away with purpose, frantic as if Billy had been burned by his touch.

“Dude, drop it,” he says. “You’re really messed up.”

“Like that’s stopped us before,” Steve laughs, getting even closer, close enough he sees the indents of scars on Billy’s skin, on his cheeks and forehead and chin. Little puckered white knicks, faded with time

and sun, that without the help of a glowing yellow floor lamp beside the bed, Steve might never have seen at all. "Come on, dude, you *wanted* this, didn't you? Let's fucking *see it*, then, you're all fucking *talk--* "

"Stop," Billy says. He's firm and unwavering. He looks Steve dead in the eyes, and it's a little stifling but Steve's gone too far to back down. "I really mean it. I told you to stop. I think you should go."

Avoidant, Billy hops up onto his bed and lays back against the pillows, goes to reach for his laptop but Steve puts his body in between the bed and the desk to cut off his access.

"C'mon, let's *hook up*, " he breathes, betraying his original plan. He's got a sour humor about it, though, because it fucking *hurts* to say this. Even with Steve's nerves diluted with vodka, does Billy have any concept of how much it fucking *hurts*? "It's *just hooking up*, right, Hargrove? Isn't that what you said?"

"*Steve*," says Billy, and Steve's provoked him now. He's tense and upset, it shows in the way he sits up and squares his shoulders. "I didn't mean -- I never *thought* that -- I just."

"You can't even *say* it. You can't even *admit* what you said."

"Do you want me to beat your ass or something?" Billy asks, menacing at him. "Keep getting in my face, and I might just have to."

It sounds like high school again, uttered so coolly Steve almost believes him.

But he stays confident, says, "You're not gonna *touch* me."

"Keep fucking around. See what happens."

Empty fucking threat. They both know it, too.

Steve follows him onto the bed, up between his legs, tries to get a little closer but Billy holds his palm out to catch him by the chest. Warning.

"You're too *gone*," Billy says to him, slow, like Steve's a child learning

new words. He holds Steve back, away from his own body. “Go home, Harrington. I don’t want this. Not like this, alright?”

But Steve straddles Billy’s waist, leans forward to grind his hips against Billy, palms on either side of Billy’s crown of curls that spread out over his pillow. Through denim, he presses his cock against Billy’s exposed abdomen. Watches as Billy’s lips, previously sticking together dryly, part at the contact.

“You sure about that?”

“Baby,” Billy says, involuntary. He tries weakly to correct himself, “Steve. Hey.” It’s too late. Steve’s already grinning fucking fiendishly down at him as he rolls his hips, feeling like he’s won.

“Baby,” Steve hisses, *mimics* back as he looks down at Billy. It’s taboo. He’s not supposed to say it. He gets to, now.

That slip-up *proves* to Steve he’s made progress. Billy’s large hands come up to grip Steve’s waist under his t-shirt, warm against the soft expanse of Steve’s hips. It might have been meant to stop Steve, gain control of the situation. But the way his calluses rub over the skin, this heat and vigor balancing Steve’s persistent chill from the rain outside, it’s more encouragement than anything.

But Billy hasn’t given up this act just yet, resisting so hard. He says, “Steve, hey. Slow down. You’re fucking wasted. You know that I shouldn’t. That we *can’t*. ”

“Can’t believe the roofie king wants to take it *slow*. Thought you were this *big, bad* frat guy.”

Billy’s temper flares up. It’s evident in his eyes. In the way his expressive eyebrows stitch together.

“The fuck does that mean?” he demands, but he has to get the implication. He’s obviously insulted that Steve would go there, resort to rumors and myths. But Steve’s had to tell Nancy before to be careful at these parties, never to set her drink down, and not to take color-coded blue solo cups. So why go there in the first place, right? It’s like a lion’s den. Guys like Billy are trouble. Maybe Steve gets a

thrill out of feeling like prey. "I'm not going to fucking -- I would *never* make you do anything you didn't wanna do, okay, that's fucked up."

Steve feels patronized. Billy acts so high and mighty. He's always wasted, fucking girls all the time and he chooses *now* to act like he wants to step back and think analytically about consent? He wishes he could bring himself to tell Billy that he's no fucking hero. So far from it.

But Steve wants this. Has *been* wanting this.

This is his *chance*. He's got Billy where he wants him, albeit a little bristled and pissed off.

And it's kind of like he was *waiting* for it, because when Steve leans forward experimentally, his damp hair brushing against Billy's forehead, Billy meets him like he's starving for Steve's mouth, kissing back with all tongue. Steve savors the way his head rushes at the wet, desperate way their lips glide, the way the room seems to spin, the way he tastes *coffee*, rich and roasted on his tongue -- there's no poisonous cinnamon from Fireball. And even though Billy's been trying to reject these advances, he reaches a hand up to graze Steve's cheek, tickling the baby hairs there at the base of his neck as he pulls him deeper.

Billy fucking *humps* up against him, so his cock drags teasingly over the crook of Steve's thigh. Their pants keep it from providing the right amount of friction and Steve grunts in frustration.

Like, making out with Billy is *the* greatest thing he's ever done.

"We can stop," Billy breathes. It's careful and quiet, a secret over Steve's lips. "Just tell me to stop."

He probably means *please, please, don't fucking tell me to stop*.

"Would you *shut the fuck up?* "

Reinforced by a cocktail of Smirnoff and beer and pot, he lies on his side and snakes a hand between them, grabs at Billy's thick cock under his sweatpants. His own dick pulses when he feels the fat

cockhead. The suction of their lips make wet clicks as they kiss, loud and sloppy.

Manipulatively, he pulls away just long enough to straight up fucking moan “*Billy*” into the stray curls that peek out from the bun, excited that he’s learned a new trick. When he presses his lips to Billy’s neck, tongues over it, he tastes the sting of cologne.

It’s really that fucking easy. Saying his name is like flicking a switch. Billy’s shoving him away again, but only so he can kick his sweatpants off, down to his ankles and into the abyss of his carpet, so Steve takes the hint and clamors to do the same, shirt and all. And if Steve had any idea he’d be getting anywhere near laid tonight, he wouldn’t have worn those stupid fucking graphic briefs, the ones with little pink pineapples on them, but he shucks them off before Billy can comment.

And he’ll probably never get used to this part. He’s entranced by the bobble of Billy’s leaking, fat cock as it’s released.

Billy grins all wolfish when he notices the fixation. He’s panting, chest working hard, and his necklace is rising and falling in tandem with it. He pulls Steve aggressively, throws him back against the pillows. The force of hitting the bed almost knocks the air out of Steve’s lungs and he just stares in wonder as Billy prowls toward him.

“Been thinkin’ about this, Stevie,” Billy whispers, and he’s laying all his weight on Steve so they’re pressed up together, hard cocks stabbing into each other’s thighs, hips. Steve likes how Billy’s legs feel muscled and hairy against his body. They’re so fucking *close* to each other, all skin that seems to go on forever. “Thinkin’ about it in the shower. Just leave the water running and rub my fucking cock and come all over myself, thinking about you. Christ, I know that sounds really stupid.”

Steve’s head swims.

“No, it *doesn’t*, ” he says, groaning as they hump each other. “Fuck, it doesn’t, I mean. I *wanna* make you come. Really bad.”

He looks in Billy’s eyes for a reaction as he licks the hot skin of his

own palm, coats it in saliva.

Billy fucking *watches*. Licks his lips. Observes as Steve gets his own dick slicked up. And then Billy's eyes squeeze tight, mouth agape when Steve spits into his hand again and begins working Billy, his knuckles bumping against Billy's toned stomach on the upstroke.

High with it, Steve lines up their lengths and begins rutting into Billy. He's got one arm wrapped around Billy's broad shoulders, digging nails into the sweating skin, and the other hand weaved around to grab Billy's tight ass. Billy grunts at the feeling, thrusts against Steve's cock slow and hard.

It's *everything*. Well, honestly, it's a bit ungraceful and messy, but to Steve it's like something has finally clicked. He knows he could come like this, just feeling Billy's hips rolling with his, their cocks slipping over and over, satiny with spit and a little sticky around the tip with precome, movements uncoordinated but balanced.

They've graduated from kissing, now just breathing into each other's open mouths and murmuring the other's name like a fucking prayer.

Steve has to try something. Got this idea a while ago, when Billy fucked his mouth with his fingers. Now seems like the perfect time; Steve feels protected by the fact that they're in that state of being clouded by lust.

He reaches to take Billy's hand from where he'd been bracing himself on the sheets, and Billy blindly *lets* him, doesn't know where it's going.

Steve doesn't really know either, he just knows he needs this right now.

He guides Billy up between them to his the supple skin of his own neck, uncertain. And suddenly Billy's strong fingers are expertly pressing over Steve's pulse. He rattles a breath against it in surprise at both the tightness and how much he likes it.

Billy snaps his head up to meet his gaze with exhilaration, looking like he fucking *loves* Steve. His eyes are fiery and his mouth hangs a

little as he watches Steve, grinds into him.

“No fucking way,” he whispers. He tightens his grip a little, experimenting. “Princess Steve likes getting choked? You’re like a fuckin’ wet dream.”

“I fucking love it,” Steve slurs. “Billy, harder. Don’t fucking stop.”

“Dirty little *slut*, ” Billy says into Steve’s jaw. “Look at you, look at how much you love being choked. Bet you never told *Nancy* you liked this, did you, Stevie. I bet you kept that a secret. But you told *me*. ”

Steve moans at that, stupid and unbridled and loud, but it’s drowned by the Rich Brian song downstairs. It sounds a bit pathetic, all he can get out with Billy’s fist viced, thumb and index finger pressing hard into where Steve knows his lymph nodes are. He wants so badly to talk back, but Billy chokes him harder like he asked, squeezing his blood flow, making his head feel light and dizzy.

It comes as a total surprise to Steve that he likes this. The closest he’s ever gotten to surrendering his control during sex is when he lets a girl ride his cock, and even then, that’s mostly out of selfish laziness than anything else, the sheer ecstasy of coming without having to work for it, watching tits bounce the whole time.

It felt natural to him to just dominate his partner, role reversal has never crossed his mind -- but now, with Billy fucking his hips into Steve’s, one scabbed hand cutting off his circulation until he’s fucking gasping and feeling faint, it’s like nothing’s ever *made more sense*, and he’s sure as fuck that soft and gentle and sweet and submissive is never going to suffice ever again, never going to fucking *get him there* like this does.

The trust in this, it’s heady. Billy has complete control over him. Steve knows Billy could hurt him if he wanted to. He *has* before. Like in high school, when he used to try to kick Steve’s ass if he looked at him the wrong way in the lunchroom, at the Byers’ house, on the court. Would’ve landed Steve in the hospital one time if it wasn’t for Max stepping up and knocking his ass out, and that was only because of the element of surprise. Billy could *really* hurt him.

But right now, Billy *isn't*. He's searching Steve's eyes and gauging how he responds to the pressure he's putting on him, making sure Steve's getting off on this as much as Billy is.

Which, by the way, is a *lot*. Steve's pretty sure he's never seen him look so determined, his eyebrows drawn tight together in concentration, pupils blown as he rocks their cocks together.

Then Billy's at his ear, groaning filthily and licking where Steve's neck has sheened with sweat, which earns him a shiver. "What, you like that? You like my tongue, don't you, baby. I see the way you watch my mouth. Y'know, bitches say I'm *real* good with my tongue. Maybe I'll have to show you sometime."

What.

Like, that tease is too much for Steve. He feels familiar heat pooling in his stomach, that tingle on the backs of his thighs. The jealous fire, the voyeuristic compulsion of thinking about Billy on his knees, his lips pink and slick as he tongues up a girl's pussy, her fingers combing through his long hair.

It's always been this thing, he feels this animalistic envy, but he can't attest to what -- is it that he's competing with Billy, wishes he was so good at being a player like him? Or is it that he wants to be in that girl's place, feeling Billy's mouth, feeling Billy all around, *inside him*? He can't tell, not for certain, and it's that much more infuriating, *fascinating*.

"Do it now," Steve strains. He runs his hands down, scratches down until he reaches Billy's lower back, feels the dimples there. "Billy, *baby*, come on, show me."

Billy stops, pulls away so Steve can see he's smiling, evil. "I don't know if you've earned it."

"What do I have to do," he says. He tries to rut up but Billy lifts away from him, pins him at an angle so their dicks aren't touching anymore. "You can't just *do* that. You can't just taunt me like that, I'm so drunk. I wanna feel your mouth, I'll do whatever you want. Anything, Billy, *please*."

“Whatever I want, huh?” Billy’s very clearly delighted that he’s got him delirious and begging.

Steve hums his agreement, nods vigorously.

Billy doesn’t need long to think about it.

“Okay, I go first,” he instructs. And isn’t that just so *Billy*. *Me, me, me*, that’s all it ever is with him. Steve fucking likes it, though, wouldn’t admit it but is happy to indulge him.

He lets himself be herded, tugged until he’s on all fours with his palms down on the sheets on either side of Billy’s hips, and Billy’s resting propped against the wall, equally lazy and hungry as he watches. His hands are behind his head so his muscles swell and Steve can see the blonde hair under his arms. Faint whitish stretch marks bridge his armpits and chest, where his body has adapted to rapid muscle buildup over the past few years.

It’s freaking Steve out because they’ve done this over the phone and with pants separating them and in the dark, but the lights are on in here and Billy’s fucking cock is staring back at him. It’s right there, swollen and tannish pink, still shiny wet. Billy raises an eyebrow, a sort of challenge, like he’s not sure Steve will even do this. He doesn’t have to give any commentary, it’s like Steve’s got an internal monologue in Billy’s voice by now. *Princess Steve scared or something?*

Not with how wasted he is, he’s not.

He lowers himself further and holds the base while he licks at Billy’s balls, steady, with the flat of his tongue. It’s a full-fucking-body response, like an electric shock -- Billy’s back curves up, away from the stacked pillows, and he moans, low and breathy, fingers scrambling to latch in Steve’s hair. He pushes the damp front pieces away from Steve’s forehead as he watches his tongue, looking a little incredulous, to let the expression in his eyes tell it.

Steve flicks up over the length, feels feline from the way Billy’s strong fingers press into his scalp, scratching, petting. He runs his tongue against the little dip in the head, trails it along the ridge.

Inhibitions properly staved off, he commits, sinks his open mouth down onto it and sucks tentatively. Feels like he's going before some kind of *king* the way Billy drinks it all in. Predator. Steve always thought *he* was the king.

Billy makes some unholy fucking noises when he finally gets to feel Steve's mouth, unrepressed and fervent, sucking over his entire girth. It's sloppy and wet and Steve can't really fit it all the way in as the head prods the back of his throat. His eyes tear up trying to take it.

This whole time, they've been maintaining eye contact, except for the brief moments when Billy let his head lull backward in pleasure. Shy now, Steve tries to look away but Billy yanks the fistful of hair he's holding tight to, makes him look in him the eye.

"No, I like it," Billy says, resolute. "I wanna watch. Want *you* to watch."

Steve fucking *dies*.

"I don't know what I'm doing," he gushes with glistening lips as he comes up for air. He wipes spit from the corner of his mouth with the back of his hand.

"Oh my God, who *cares*, " says Billy. He pushes him back down to work. "Just keep going. You feel so good, baby, so fuckin' good, *promise*. "

Overly-enthusiastic, Steve knows he's accidentally using teeth when he shouldn't be, but Billy thankfully doesn't mention it. He's holding himself up with one hand but with the other, begins jerking himself off. It's a fucking rush. His cock aches against his palm. It's a little too dry now for how he likes it, but he doesn't dare take his mouth away from Billy to get it wet again.

"Look at you," Billy purrs. "Getting off on this. You're so *hot*. I'm close. You gonna swallow for me, baby? You gonna swallow all my come?"

Steve moans around his full mouth, tongues up the veiny underside of Billy's cock. And suddenly Billy can't hold it back anymore, he's

meeting the bob of Steve's head with thrusts from his hips. Steve lets him fuck his throat, stops to hold still so Billy can get the right angle. Warm tears run down his cheeks and leave behind wet trails that leak past his jawline.

Billy pushes Steve backward, off of him like it's too much, blurts, "I-I'm *coming*, fuck." He starts rubbing himself through it and Steve bends to swallow but Billy's bubbling over with the orgasm before Steve can manage that, messy and sporadic, hot come in thick ropes over Steve's nose and cheeks and pink tongue, pooling around his chin. Billy's grunting and breathing heavily through his nose, like the feeling's totally consuming him and he's having trouble containing himself. His necklace ripples against his sweaty pectorals while his arm works hard as he strokes himself until he's finished. He's got a halo of moist curls and he watches with hooded bedroom eyes as Steve takes his load.

"Pretty," he tells Steve, a sleepy smile blooming on his spaced out face. He releases his spent cock and thumbs his come away from Steve's nose and cheeks, smearing it. Wipes the majority of it away. "You look so pretty."

Risky, Steve just leaps forward and straddles Billy again, kissing him hard with the come still warm in his mouth. And Billy's resistant at first, looks grossed the fuck out as he adjusts to the idea, but as Steve pushes his tongue in Billy's mouth, he caves in. Lets his own come be passed over, bitter and viscous. He actually *swallows*. His broad hands grasp Steve's ass, squeeze hard.

They're making out dirty and impassioned, and Steve's thrilled at the idea of Billy tasting himself, he's laughing and acting stupidly giddy over it. Billy's even responsive, there's no tension in his shoulders when Steve runs his hands over them.

But all of a sudden, there's a wave of nausea in Steve's stomach and he pulls off of Billy's mouth. He feels *awful*.

Says, "I'm *sick*."

And before Billy can be proactive, Steve scrambles to hang off the side of the bed and vomits, down the side of a plastic storage bin

underneath it, all over a blue flannel and Billy's school bag. It's not a lot, and it's basically just liquid, but like, it's still pretty fucking gross. He can hear it running down like water, dripping from the wooden rungs of the bedframe, and his tongue tastes sharp and stinging like alcohol.

The irony about the tables having turned between the two of them -- yeah, Steve *realizes* that. Has been picking up on it all night, but it's especially apparent right now.

Billy just doesn't fucking move. Well, that's not true, he instantly pinches his temples in disgust, then proceeds *not* to try to get up, or knock Steve to the floor, or fucking throw a punch, Steve doesn't know what he's expecting Billy to do exactly, but he doesn't do any of those things. Instead, his eyes are shut and he seems to be arranging his thoughts into a cohesive order. Steve notices for the second time since they've been seeing each other how Billy's dealing with his anger in a healthier way than he used to.

"Oops," Steve croaks, in horror, assessing the orangey liquid down the plastic container. "Fuck, dude, I'm so sorry, I--"

"It's okay," says Billy. He carefully coaxes Steve out of his lap, and Steve collapses, back against the wall that the bed's pushed up against. "Hey, look at me. You're fine. Stay right here."

Billy slips into his discarded sweatpants before getting a towel from his closet (which he just sort of *throws* on top of the mess, like maybe he'll deal with it later) and entrusting his trash bin to Steve, who meekly accepts it.

He leaves Steve, squeezes his way out into the noise of the hallway. Steve's got the bin propped between his thighs and his head limply hangs over it. There's no way Billy's coming back, because he's a sucker for a fucking party like this, he's going to get sidetracked the second he sees a 30 rack up for grabs downstairs.

But the lock clicks shut on the door which startles Steve out of his torment enough to look up, and Billy's padding over in bare feet, holding out a solo cup. He proffers it to a hesitant Steve.

"You need water," he explains. "If you think you can keep it down. But don't start chugging it, okay, *sip* it. Slow."

He looks vaguely concerned. Maybe if only because he doesn't want to have to call the campus emergency responders, and end up getting both of them in trouble.

"I'm *good* now," says Steve. He does as he's told, though. Watches through bleary eyes while he drinks, as Billy makes to sit on the other side of the bed, by the pillows where they were before. He takes care to avoid Steve's vomit on the climb up. He sets Steve's cup on the desk when Steve hands it back because he's afraid to put more water down.

"So am I really that gross?" Billy smiles, resuming his position against the wall, hands tucked behind his head. "Never had anyone puke from sucking me off before. That's for fuckin' sure."

"No, I told you, I'm *wasted*," Steve says, a little slackly. He pauses for a moment. Tries weakly to make himself gag, but when he's persuaded that it's not coming on again, he laughs, humorless, says, "Know what's funny? I was gonna break up with you tonight."

He doesn't look up for Billy's reaction partly to keep the room from fucking *spinning*. God, his stomach is churning, it's like it has its own fucking *current*, an ocean of straight up booze.

"*Break up* with me? That would be pretty hard to do," Billy points out. "Seeing as we aren't together."

Steve stares into the bin. There's only a few things at the bottom of the can liner, like the trash has been emptied recently. He sees a condom wrapper.

He's not sure what he thinks of that, can't sort out his thoughts because he's got more pressing matters at hand, like trying not to throw up cheap vodka and stolen beer all over Billy's sheets. Trying not to *die*, honestly.

Billy stretches his leg out and points his foot. He toes at Steve's leg, poking at the little hairs on his thigh. Steve won't look at him when

he does it because he knows that's what Billy wants. He's still fucking naked, Jesus, like, as if this all wasn't embarrassing enough.

"Don't do that," Billy says, shaking his head. He sits up, gathers his legs underneath him and tucks his knees to his chest, defensive. "Come on. What, did I hurt your *feelings*? Don't get all sad-puppy on me--"

Steve furrows his eyebrows. He wants to address that Billy's emotionally repressed and very clearly bottling things up, but feels maybe that's a lost cause.

Instead he's just like, "I'm *not*, alright? I'm fucking not, I just don't know what you want from me. You act like you want me, then as soon as you *come*, it all goes away. It's so fucked up."

Billy's quiet when he says, "But I *do* want you--"

"Not enough to do something about it."

"It's *complicated*," Billy says, even keeled. He looks Steve dead in the eye. "You talk like this is so easy. Like there are no implications or things attached to this, but it isn't ever that easy, is it, Steve? *Is* it. Don't fuckin' lie to me, you know what I mean, that this would mean a lot more than just making each other *come*, okay--"

"That's kind of the point," Steve snaps. "It doesn't seem to have crossed your fucking mind that maybe that's what *I* want. You're such a fucking headache. You have to make every fucking thing in your life hard."

Steve can tell Billy wants to fucking hurt him, attack him, jungle cat-like. But he stays still. Maybe he's just tired of all this. He's glaring Steve down, says, "You don't know *shit* about my fucking life."

And it's clear he feels hurt.

It's true, Steve really doesn't know shit. People talk, sure, but Steve's no better, just as much of a gossip as them, doesn't actually *know* Billy like he might want to. Just knows the rumors.

He's never heard Billy's story. He's never asked.

It was simple to paint Billy as the villain then, back home. He was always rancorous, kicking kids' asses at school and lashing out over nothing. But like, maybe it wasn't all on Billy. Steve was kind of a fucking douchebag, too. Anything to be popular. They ran in the same circles, but there was still a social hierarchy, and Steve's position in it was all that mattered to him.

He saw the bruises and the detentions, hell, he even saw the *tears* in the guys' bathroom after school hours when Billy thought he was alone, and Steve never *once* thought that maybe Billy needed a friend, a *real* one, not just someone to burn cruise with after practice.

Not that Billy would open up to him anyway. It was none of his business. One time Billy told him exactly that, held him up by his fucking throat against the lockers and told him to *fuck off, Harrington, mind your own damn business, we're fine* and Steve fucking *listened* because that sounded like a whole lot of not-Steve's-problem.

How could he have been so ignorant?

Steve stabilizes the trash bin behind him on the bed and turns toward Billy, edges closer. Tries not to sway. Tries to ignore that he's *naked*, that Billy's eyes are still raking over him, sizing him up. He tugs Billy's sheets over his lap for confidence because he's got a lot to say, and he's going to do it this time, and he can't focus with his own fucking dick out.

"Hey, hey," Steve says, before Billy can get officially pissed. "I'm *sorry*, okay? You didn't deserve that. I just want you, like really actually *want* you, and you make that really, really *hard*. And it shouldn't be hard, okay. It should be easy, as easy as when we're fucking *dry humping* each other like *idiots*. It's stupid, because I can't *stand* you, but I just want you, still. So you have to tell me if you're good for it, or if I'm wasting my time, because I can't *do* this anymore. You can't keep running from this forever."

Billy's not looking at him. Has found the ceiling very interesting, all of a sudden. Arms tight, crossed over his chest.

He reaches one out a little reluctantly, extends it like he wants Steve to come to him.

And Steve's mad. He's *livid*. None of it's fair, and it's stupid and immature and Nancy would probably kick Steve's ass if she'd known how he'd been letting Billy toy with him, but.

But he's spineless around Billy -- who's Steve to reject him?

He lies down on his side with his head resting on Billy's shoulder, back against the cool of the wall, front pressing close to Billy's body. The fan oscillates toward them, blowing a breeze over their chests.

"You can't keep running," Steve says into his skin, again. In case it fell on deaf ears the first time. He's giving in but he's got to make sure they're clear.

"I'm sorry," Billy grits. It sounds like it's actually kind of *painful* for him to say.

Steve's going to milk this. "I'm fucking listening."

Billy sucks on his teeth, runs his tongue over them. Looks steadfastly up at the stucco pattern on the ceiling.

"Sorry for giving you the runaround, okay. And being *insensitive*," he says, like someone's probably called him that before and he's still bitter about it. "Sometimes I do dumb shit. Say things I don't mean."

"Oh, *sometimes*? You do that just sometimes?" Steve smiles, down where Billy's stretch marks are, where he can't see Steve's face. His chest feels light and euphoric.

"Fuck off, baby," Billy says, and there's no venom behind it, he's smirking along with Steve.

And he called Steve *baby*. You know, *without* a hardon, *without* being balls deep down Steve's throat, which is a major improvement.

"I don't wanna ruin this moment," says Steve, tentatively reaching up a hand to trace his finger over the chain on Billy's neck. "But what about your assignment?"

Billy laughs. "Oh, yeah. There was no assignment. I was just pissed at you."

Steve would roll his eyes but he's worried about the prospect of vomiting again, like he needs to be any more fucking *dizzy*.

"So you don't even have work to do? You're just sitting up here by yourself, and you're *not* drinking and doing coke tonight? That's what brothers *do*. You sure you're not broken?"

Billy turns his head now, looks down his nose at Steve through long eyelashes. "Some asshole I know told me I was getting too fucked up, so. I thought a break might be good for me."

Which is -- a *lot*, honestly. Steve's not sure what to think. He feels his heart racing, and he's just so happy someone listened to him for once, took him seriously. Billy probably doesn't realize what it means to Steve.

Billy clears his throat and shuts his eyes, like he feels embarrassed to admit it.

Steve notes that, says, "It sounds like that guy's a real asshole."

"He *is*. It's just for right now, though, don't you fuckin' worry. I'm smoking a fat joint as soon as I'm done at the gym tomorrow night."

"Can I come? I'm all out again," Steve says. He moves on from the necklace to circling the pad of his index finger around Billy's perked nipple. "Burn cruise, like high school. I'll drive. Maybe we can head over to Hawkins. See if Tommy has a beer gut and three kids yet. I ever tell you how much I fucking hated that piece of shit? Sycophantic bully. And *now* look at him."

"You're kind of evil, Harrington. I like it," Billy says. "Where the fuck was that fire at practice this week? We coulda used it."

"I was kinda occupied, waiting on this *stupid* guy to text me."

"What a twat," he agrees.

It's quiet, enough to focus on Gambino's new song wafting upstairs. They're just looking at each other, Steve resting against the warmth of Billy's tan skin. Billy snakes his arm around Steve's shoulders, and Steve, comfortable, instinctively hikes his leg up across Billy's hips.

His dick isn't hard anymore but he likes the way this feels, pushed flush to Billy's thigh, as he hugs Billy around his waist.

"Are you mad at me?"

Billy stretches his right hand over this time, coasts his fingers over the hair on Steve's chest. He shrugs. Says, "No reason to be."

"But I got too drunk," says Steve, sheepish. "And we didn't have sex. I'm sorry."

"What are you talking about?" Billy asks, and his voice is so gentle, a deep soft purr. He tries to reach up, turn the light off without disturbing Steve. "We'll get there. Promise. Sleep it off, Stevie. You're, like, lit as fuck right now."

And for once Steve can fucking rest. He's not sitting there worrying about what's really going on in Billy's head, it's like, Billy's being honest and transparent and using his *words*, saying what he means, and like. He wants to make plans, *real* plans, for tomorrow, somewhere people know them, not just hooking up anymore and trying to make Steve out to be the asshole.

The cyclical nature of their relationship has stopped, Steve thinks. He starts fading on Billy's chest, probably drools on him, but Billy doesn't say a word -- just strokes his hair until he's out.